

## Call for a Populist County Convention.

Pursuant to an order of the populist central committee of New Mexico which met in Albuquerque on September 12th and 13th, a convention of the populist voters of Grant county is hereby called to meet at Silver City, October 6, 1904, in Merrill Hall at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for:

Sheriff,  
Probate Clerk,  
Assessor,  
Probate Judge,  
Treasurer,  
Supt. of Schools,  
County Surveyor,  
Collector,  
Clerk of Court,  
Three County Commissioners,  
One member for the Legislature, for Grant county.  
One member for the Legislature for Grant and Dona Ana counties.  
One counsellor for Grant and Dona Ana counties.  
One counsellor for Grant, Dona Ana, Lincoln, Chavez and Eddy.  
The apportionment has been made as follows:

Precinct No.	Delogates
1 Central	30
2 Pine Alon	30
3 Silver City	30
4 Lower Mimbres	10
5 San Lorenzo	5
6 Georgetown	30
7 Upper Gila	10
8 Lower Gila	5
9 Shakerpore	5
10 Machita	5
11 Deming	30
12 Mimbres	5
13 Santa Rita	10
14 Cocha	10
15 Hadley	10
16 Gold Hill	10
17 Columbus	5
18 Black Hawk	5
19 Carlisle	5
20 Lordsburg	5
21 Pine Cheneaga	5
22 Oak Grove	5
23 San Juan	5
24 Ricolette	5
25 Mangus	10

Desiring an expression of the people, regardless of their former party affiliations regarding public affairs, which interest our people more than the packing of primaries and conventions by democratic and republican ringsters, we have made the apportionment so that every one who has the time and inclination to be present can do so without first consulting a self-appointed boss and thereby lowering his self-respect. The populist party is a western and southern party, representing the interests of the people, in its favor of the free coinage of silver on a basis of 16 to 1, and every true American who loves his home and family better than his party traditions is requested to participate in the proceedings.

Those in sympathy with the populist movement are requested to hold primaries Saturday, Sept. 25th, and all delegations are requested to report at the Tremont house in Silver City on Friday evening, Oct. 5th.

S. S. BUCHHEIM,  
Chairman Ex. Com. Precinct 11,  
DEMING.

Frank Bowman  
Joseph Merk  
John McCarthy  
Silas Minkler  
W. P. Wilkinson  
C. J. Whithead  
R. S. Coryell

J. H. Jackson  
Martin Muller  
E. A. Schults  
N. W. Chase  
C. F. Howell  
S. Lindauer  
J. T. Warren

T. R. Brand  
F. S. Wright  
W. H. Lowry  
W. H. Rider

W. J. Morris  
Hiram Fisher  
CENTRAL

Jas Wilson  
R. L. Lafranz  
J. Cooper

A. McGregor  
John Backus  
Joseph Schlosser  
John C. Berry  
Henrico Corbina

M. McGregor  
Ch. Ealch  
G. B. Sibole  
John Knight  
J. C. Cureton

Santiago Terrasas  
Hadley—E. S. Jacobson.  
Hanover—J. W. Welch.

Notice for Publication.  
United States Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M., September 15th, 1904.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof to support his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Las Cruces, N. M., on October 25th, 1904, viz: Ferdinand H. Borchert, who made his application No. 100 for the N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 34, in T. 28 South, Range 9 West.  
He claims the following Strangers to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
J. E. Foster of Alliance, N. M.; Charles Fox and Al. P. Taylor of Cooke, N. M.; James P. Howlett, of Hudson, N. M.  
Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity to do so at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of said claimant's claimant.  
J. D. HARRIS, Register,  
First Publication September 15, 1904.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
MEATS, FISH,  
& POULTRY  
Game in Season.

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the City.

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site Linde's Store.

100,000 LUMBER  
CHEAP FOR CASH.

Any Quantity, Any Size.

WALTER C. WALLIS.

## HER DILEMMA.

To and fro, back and across the rose  
bestrewn carpet of the drawing room  
in a Victoria street flat swept and  
rusted the lace and stiffs of Mrs. Ven-  
ning's newest Paris tea gown.

"What shall I do? Whatever shall I  
do?" cried Mrs. Venning as for the  
hundredth time the writing table barred  
her progress and turned her footsteps  
back to where the carved mantelpiece  
positively groaned under its load of  
Dresden china, old ivories, fresh roses  
and biscuits of every description.

She crossed the white fur rug, and  
pausing gazed with a self pitying smile  
at the pretty profusion that met her  
eye.

"Home at Christmas!" she said aloud.  
"That's the text of the old sermon. For  
the three years of my widowhood I've  
had roses at Christmas and everything  
else to match. Laura Marindin spent  
\$400 when she hung her boudoir with  
French brocades. I ran in debt as many  
thousands by doing up my rooms with  
old embroideries. I suppose she's got a  
receipt for her money. I have a county  
court summons for mine."

She dropped into the writing chair  
and leaned her chin, dimpled and round  
as a baby's, in her palms. "It seems to  
be about \$30,000 the horrid people want  
from me. I can't make it any less, and  
I've added everything together a dozen  
times. Of course I know I have been  
extravagant; but, then, I'm young—and  
not bad looking"—which was  
Mrs. Venning's way of considering her  
undoubted beauty—"and a widow into  
the bargain. And widows are expected  
to be so very smart nowadays."

"Still the tradespeople should not  
have given me such unlimited credit.  
Ah, that's the real root of the whole  
matter! The credit system is the ruin  
of women, who, like myself, must have  
pretty things about them."  
"Thirty thousand dollars, and most  
of it to be paid almost at once. I am  
worth nothing—in cash. These things!"  
—she looked about her luxurious sur-  
roundings with appreciative eyes—"I  
wonder what they would fetch if it  
came to a sale! I paid—at least I owe—  
an awful lot for some of them. But it  
mustn't, it shan't, come to a sale. A  
rich marriage. Now, let me think who  
will do."

"I'd throw the handkerchief to Raphael  
Gluckstein in a moment, and I  
know he'd positively jump at me, for  
the sake of my visiting list and the  
country houses I stay at; but that he  
would want to pay too much and would  
find out at once that when my late hus-  
band, Robert Venning, died he only left  
\$50,000 behind him and not the \$50,000  
a year with which society and the  
tradespeople have chosen to credit me.  
Gluckstein wouldn't marry a penniless  
woman to attain even the Duchess of  
Newland's little dinner parties."

And so, with crinkled brows and a  
slender forefinger that ticked off each  
victim to Mrs. Venning's charms as he  
came in view, the prettiest and most  
popular woman in town passed before  
her mind's eye such men as, by their  
station or fortune, could alone save her  
from social and financial annihilation.

The Earl of Wessex she had openly  
snubbed a month ago, and only a week  
back his engagement to a Chicago pork  
packer's daughter had been announced.

Hon. Bertie Shorthouse was a nice  
boy, and his prospects truly grand, but  
he had been very wild on his own account,  
and a marriage with him might  
scarcely be satisfactory—from the point  
of view of the clamorous tradespeople.

The young Duke of Woodford was  
highly eligible, but the old duchess,  
his mother, kept a sharp eye on the lad  
and had openly expressed her detesta-  
tion of widows.

The bishop of Barchester was rich  
and a well preserved man, but, oh, so  
pious and so dreadfully intolerant of  
the ways of the world!  
And so on through endless strings of  
nobles, who had fluttered round and  
burned their silly wings at the flame of  
Mrs. Venning's bright eyes.

Suddenly she paused, blushed deli-  
ciously, then laughed at herself for doing  
so.

"It's a dreadful thing to do," she  
said, passing her fingers lightly over her  
burning cheeks. "I don't know how  
such an idea could ever come into my  
head."

She opened the blotter, drew some  
dainty monogrammed paper toward her,  
and taking a pen began hastily to scribble  
a few names across the sheet.

"Lord Fordwell, of course. The duke  
—I can't help it if his mother doesn't  
like it. The boy must marry some day.  
The bishop of Barchester. Gluckstein—  
I'll risk him. Colonel Dingwall is a  
nice looking fellow, with a comfortable  
income, and he was most spry with me  
at Goodwood. Lord Arthur St. John I  
will certainly write to. I've not seen  
him for a year, but I know he is at  
Brighton, and he always said if ever I  
felt inclined to change my mind he  
would only be too pleased. Sir Roderick  
McPherson and Bertie Shorthouse.  
Eight of them."

"Fancy a woman writing to eight  
men to express her perfect willingness  
to marry any one of them! The only  
circumstance that prevents me expressing  
with horror at my own temerity is the  
fact that all of them have proposed to  
me, and in their different ways expressed  
a perfect readiness to fall in with my  
views if ever I could persuade myself to  
reconsider my decision."

Yet all the time a curious hesitancy  
mingled with her air of determination.  
Twice she laid her pen on the paper, as  
though to add a ninth name to those al-  
ready written. The third time her han-  
derson traced the letter R, but she scratch-  
ed it through hastily.

"I think I must be mad. The idea of  
my offering to marry Reginald Boro-  
ford! Reggie, with whom I quarreled.  
Reggie, with whom I played in my  
baby days. Reggie, to whom I was su-



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what you get when you take  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets:  
They're free from the violence  
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come with the ordinary  
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authorities agree that  
in regulating the bowels  
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ferable. For every de-  
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of the choicest, con-  
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tracts, they cost much  
more than other pills  
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Get from forty to forty-  
four are put up in each  
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"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick  
and bilious headache, dizziness, consti-  
pation, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of  
appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dys-  
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pain and distress after eating, and kindred  
derangements of the liver, stomach and  
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fore always fresh and reliable. Whether  
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ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

gaged when I was still in short trousers,  
before he was first sent to India.

"I was married to Mr. Venning when  
he came back, and then—then poor Reg-  
gie began to racket and spend his money  
and ruin his health. Heaven forgive  
me! I laughed at him—he was so poor—  
for, though my heart ached for him,  
my head was too light to remember any  
thing but that I was young and pretty.  
It serves me right that, after all, I am  
obliged to marry some man I hate any-  
way. Now for it!"

In her slender writing she penned  
eight letters to the men who within  
the last few months had wooed and  
tried to win the prettiest widow in  
London. She playfully claimed the pre-  
rogative peculiar to her own sex of  
changing her mind and wrote plaintively  
of her lonely life and her longing for  
a guiding hand and a strong arm.

When the task was completed, she  
rang the bell, and sending for her maid  
told her to prepare for a week's stay in  
the country.

"Who has called?" Mrs. Venning  
asked as she entered her flat on her re-  
turn from the country. A sheaf of cards  
and a packet of letters were handed her.  
The first she tossed aside; the second  
demanded perusal.

"Now, I wonder how many men I  
shall find myself engaged to by the time  
I've read all these?"

She broke the seal of the first.

"Sir Roderick! So glad to hear I'm  
well—fears Scotland would scarcely suit  
me—kind regards. Have Scotch!"

"The bishop rejoices to see I am tak-  
ing a more serious view of life. Has  
changed his mind about marrying and  
thinks the clergy should be celibates."

"Gluckstein has looked up my hus-  
band's will and considers that my readi-  
ness to become his wife is motivated  
solely by a desire to possess his millions.  
Gracious! What else could he think?"

"Colonel Dingwall is engaged to a  
young girl—all blue eyes and golden  
hair—going to be married next week.  
How foolish he must have felt when he  
read my letter! Well, four of them are  
out of the running."

A slight flush rose to Mrs. Venning's  
cheeks as she opened the fifth letter,  
which she quickly tore across and across.

"What a shameful letter to write! I  
always did hate that horrid old dach-  
ows."

"Umph! Lord Arthur St. John's  
valet writes for him. Says his master  
has got softening of the brain."

"Bertie Shorthouse informs me that  
he's stone broke and has got to marry  
an American heiress, but will I dine  
with him at the Cafe Royal one night?  
There are five mistakes in spelling."

"Now for Lord Fordwell. He always  
was a dear old thing. What! He would  
be delighted, but his daughters won't  
hear of his marrying again."

"And to think that I should be refus-  
ed by eight men! By men who vowed  
they loved me for myself; would defy  
the fates to win me! would wait for  
years for me. Oh, this humiliation is  
awful! I shall!"

"Lulu!" said a voice behind her.

"Reggie! You! Where have you been,  
poor boy, and what have you been do-  
ing?"

"I have been at the Cape, and I have  
been making my fortune. And you?"

"Oh, I?"

"I hear you are free!"

"Yes!"

"Going to marry again?"

"Perhaps. Is that what you came  
back from the Cape to say?"

"Yes. Any chance for me, Lulu?"

"What will you do if I say no?"

"Go back to the Cape."

"I could not send you back there  
again, Reggie."

He caught her perfect form in his  
strong arms; her beautiful head rested  
on his shoulder; he kissed her many  
times. He called her by names, but she  
only sobbed, for she was very happy.  
Women are strange things.—Pick Me  
Up.

Hood's pills act easily, yet promptly  
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ING or flatulency. TOUT ADDRESS  
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PERIMENT but a scientific and positive re-  
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